My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare Loue adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rights
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Loue throughout the World. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy sute, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times good-night.
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight,
Loue goes toward loue as Schoole-boyes from their Bookes,
But loue from loue, toward Schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iu. Hist *Romeo*, hist, O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then myne
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my loue that cals vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Iu. Romeo.
Rom. My Deere.
Iul. What a clock to morrow.

Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iuli. I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iuli. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy company.
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iuli. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like poore Prisoner in his twisted gyues.
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Iu. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.
Ro. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.
Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Fryer alone with a Basket.

Fri. The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streakes of light:
And fleckeld darkenesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burning wheeles,
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother in her Tombe,
What is her burying Graue, that is her wombe: